

I have a dream of being a great leader. But sometimes I fear I am the greatest pretender, unable to lay down my cross of grief and pride. Wide is the entrance and broad is the way that leads to destruction and robs you of days. Narrow is the gate and its hard is the road to endure on the way to eternal life.

How do we reignite hope? How do we teach people to dream again? If I can dream, so can anyone. I have redeemed my soul and flown amongst angels. I've seen such perfect splendor that cannot be defined. It is time to leave the people who tell us to stay in our own little lanes. A new day is on the horizon. I have been beaten down, destroyed, and downtrodden. I made the choice to leave that behind. Yet, it persists in its mission to divide my very existence; who I am.

At one point or another in our lives, we all walk out and into our own valleys. The very shadow of fear strikes at us to try and make us abandon rod and staff. Right now, sometimes this enemy wins. Sometimes this entity succeeds. It is rarely head turning, vomit inducing, exorcist requiring hullabaloo. When it happens, its quiet. It slithers its way into your life. You don't even notice the change until you look in the mirror and you don't recognize the person you've become...or, the pale imitation of humanity you are struggling to keep up.

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I want to do something about the evil in my country. But what's the point if history just repeats itself? Why should we care about any of the atrocities in the world if history is just going to repeat itself? Can we end the asinine cycle of horseshit that is the idea that history repeats itself? Is that just another pattern that be thrown into the dustbin of history? We don't need to forget but maybe we can just fucking move on to a better life for future generations. We need not divide ourselves because we are all imperfect and to pretend that one side is evil and the other side is good is not reality.

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The mentality of "Don't ask, don't tell," migrated to ignoring evil when it's right in your face. It's cowardice and I'm done with being a fool and a coward. When a sick man dressed in drag philates himself in front of children, people rather pretend it doesn't exist; even if it's their own children.